

JOY GIVING JEWELS.

Fashion in Jewelry to Be Exceptionally Magnificent.

NOTHING CAN BE TOO STARTLING.

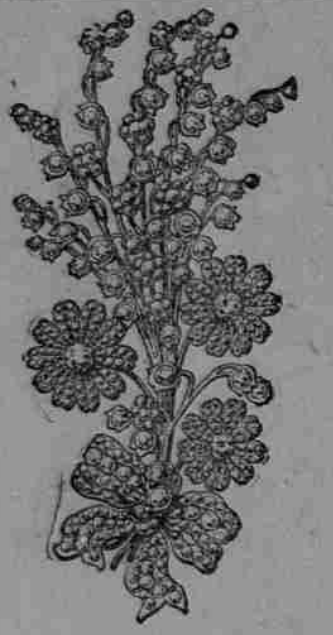
The Current Engagement Ring—Popular Jewels for Evening Wear—Engle's Coronets.

(Copyright, 1892.)

Nine hundred millions of dollars worth in gems by the American women! Our barbaric sisters from the land of "Orient pearl" nor our royal sisters on continental thrones have never boasted of glorious wealth to compare with this—and still the end is not yet!

Crown jewels of a princess, long treasured, roughly magnificent, may be now auctioned among the marvels of American workmanship; we have eclipsed the east, outstripped the west, and it would seem that money, art and the hidden treasures of the earth can do no more, having touched perfection.

Yet this I hear from Tiffany, in whose laboratories labor the magic of fairy lore. "Yes, our designs are becoming more and more elaborate. This winter will see finer workmanship, more magnificent styles and a steeper demand for the most expensive pieces than this house has ever produced before."



A DIAMOND SPRAY.

Then I asked a foolish question. I wanted to know what the styles are to be! As though there could be styles, when the fancy for spending money is running riot in our veins! Fancy pearls will be greatly in vogue as going to be popular, though, and after two hours' gazing at gems I drew some generalizations.

The most popular stones will be pearls and emeralds; the latter especially will be set in everything—rings, hair ornaments, hat pins and lace pins. Deep rich gold setting is used with emeralds; white gold silver and platinum is the thing for diamonds, pearls and rubies. Opals and turquoises hold their own, especially in the fashionable marquis rings.

Women are wearing as many rings as they can crowd upon their fingers, and there is no danger of being termed vulgar and ostentatious if the rings are the best of their kind. Fancy pearls will be greatly in vogue as going to be popular, though, and after two hours' gazing at gems I drew some generalizations.

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prove immensely becoming upon a low forehead and dark wavy hair, is modeled after the royal Egyptian fashion. The gods wore it and Cleopatra's witchery shone beneath its graceful curves. And that brings me to the sacred beetle, which is imitated in life size more perfectly than beautiful I think. It is made of crocodile and its legs and antennae are of chased gold, set with small diamonds.

Alongside crawls a little lizard with a central row of diamonds down his back and a row of green garnets on either side. His eyes glare out in red garnets, while his body appears ready to wriggle delightedly over the bodies of my lady's evening gown—just where he ought to be, in fact. This fad of insect wearing is really becoming stable enough to merit a reckoning. I suppose it is because birds and strange insects may be worn in such a variety of forms. They are pretty in confitures, odd on the breast, and positively unique looking in shoulder knots and skirt draperies.

I discovered a bit of economy in magnificence. A flight of diamond swallows, may be worn on the tulle of a gown or they may wing their way through the air just above the beauty's brow, while so slender are the wires of her tiara that one scarcely sees how support is given. These accounts

modating birds will serve you in any way your ingenuity may suggest, and you need not pay more than 200 apiece for them.

A unique ornament for the hair consists of a high structure reared in gold and emerald and diamonds. Each emerald is cut in differing shapes and beautifully "faceted." From the top of the ornament stands a dainty albatross.

But the most magnificent tiara I saw baffles description and makes me long for command of another language. It is pearls and diamonds, what does that mean to you now? Yet \$12,000 still seems a nice sum, I suppose. But the pearls! These huge globes of beauty and bitterness. Diamond scroll work curves lovingly about them and every where sends out little tendrils to close upon gray pearls with pink and yellow inlaid shading from their incomparable surfaces. The summit of the tiara is one perfect pear-shaped gem an inch in length. The diamond bands do not touch it, as it stands aloof and perfect. Beside this glorious work of art lies the tiara of Empress Eugenie and the gift of a Sultan to General Sherman's daughter. Yet marveled as they are at this tiara of pearls from Lower California ranks first by right of beauty and the skill which brought it forth.

COMPETITION IN INDUSTRIES.

A singular illustration of the way in which one industry will modify or destroy another was given in a paper read before the Asiatic Society of Bombay. The chief of the veterinary department of the British army, who read the paper, showed how the business of horse breeding in many districts in India had practically been destroyed by the tremendous increase in the export of wheat and cotton. In places where formerly one could easily find fifteen or twenty horses in a village, now none or only one or two exist. The reason is this: more money is to be made out of grain and cotton than out of horse rearing, and the farmer, who has a keen eye to his own interest, sells his horses and puts his money into bullocks, well digging, etc., to raise what will pay him best. It does not occur to the conservative scoundrel that he could get better work out of his horses than his cumbersome bullocks in the drawing of water for irrigation; he has never used them for any other purpose than to breed from or carry him leisurely from one village to another, and the idea of putting them to profitable work is altogether foreign to him. Furthermore, his plow horses have to be fed and he consumes the grass that formerly sufficed for the horses, so extra fodder must be bought, and grain has gone up in price. In this way the breeding of horses has become no longer profitable and in all probability it will be discontinued until the scarcity of horse-kind will again make it a remunerative occupation.

IN CHOLEERA TIME.

The carpet cost \$1.75 a yard when it was new, says the Detroit Tribune, and his feet, sinking into its sumptuous surface, emitted no sound as he advanced across the front parlor, and with a quick, heart-felt gasp folded the radiant maiden in his arms.

"At last!" she murmured, and the light of sweet contentment suffused her glorious face.

"Come as soon as I could," he softly whispered, kissing her diamond cheek and incidentally thrusting his nose into her eye.

"My girl—"

"Considering his position his articulation was very distinct."

"Will you be my wife?"

"Yes."

He pressed her fondly to his bosom.

"And now to business!" he muttered.

WOMAN OF FASHION.

The Gay Panorama Seen on a Matinee Day.

NEWEST PREVAILING MODES.

What Sort of Gowns Women Are Wearing—Some queer combinations in color.

(Copyright, 1892, by Dacell & Johnson.)

Here you ever stood and watched the brilliant throng of matinee goers on a bright October afternoon! No! Have you never seen the gay procession passing Broadway and Madison Square? You may come, then, and take your stand right here, where it is a trifle secluded and where nobody will suspect we're taking notes.

Now, isn't it pretty? To be sure, a cultivated taste might be offended by some of the outlandish combinations; but then, if one does not particularize, but is content to survey the panorama as a whole, one is pretty sure to be charmed, to be interested, to be almost fascinated by the sight.

I know that it is one of our women never tire of, and one which, I believe, the men take still more delight in—judging from the appearance of club windows—in spite of their protestations against the present ridiculous styles. Even a fashion writer who never does anything or goes anywhere without giving two-thirds of her attention to what the women are wearing, and only the remaining third to what may be going on, is still able to view a throng of brightly dressed women without weariness.

But we are letting all the people pass without looking at them. This will never do. This fair lady, for instance, in the striped black and white satin is worthy of mention. The stripes are fine and hang straight, and she has three little satin ruffles at the edge of the skirt—two black and white and one all white. Bodies like a pretty yoke of satin that has a much broader stripe, which runs across instead

of down. The little friend that waits beside her wears a louche Russian blouse of darkest purple—not quite the royal shade, a little darker. She is so short and the blouse so long, that the skirt beneath it is scarcely seen. The royal effect of the purple is heightened by a massive gold belt, which sparkles where the sunlight catches it. The edge of the blouse and the neck are profusely adorned with gold and silver passementeries. The girl might look queerly if she were only tall, but alas! I'm afraid she only looks a trifle ridiculous.

What do you think of this woman just behind? Surely she is royal enough in her black velvet bodice, with that yoke all set in rhinestones. Let me see: how many are there? Twelve rows across her back and front, two in each line. That makes 24. Then there are a few more on each shoulder. No wonder she scintillates and sort of dazzles one. Does she look pretty? Well, no; exactly. Only startling.

Her's a girl that really does look well. Her dress is of some very soft material—we're too far away to see what of a pale gray shade. It clings, and very closely. There's a dainty puff of pure white velvet at the skirt's edge; the bodice of gray turns back in immense revers of white velvet, and has a narrow white chignon front. Her big hat of white beaver is all plumes and alacreties and velvet—everything the spotless color, not even a touch of gray or gold.

Her companion is robed all in green—no, not quite all, there are a few touches of black about her. The green skirt is velvety, and opens in front over a green satin of the same dark shade, trimmed with black passementerie bands. Her bodice also opens back from a vast of green satin, in revers of the same. Her empire belt of black velvet and the very short and full cape, with deep turned down collar, is almost covered by black passementeries.

THE HELIOGRAPH DIRECTOR'S REMINGTON.

But, oh! just look at this next gay figure! Isn't she bright, though? Her gown—er, all there is to be seen of it—is quiet black with its moire and satin stripe in black, and three tiny ruffles at the edge. But just look at her long cape, in the brightest of scarlet one over saw. It's most pretty at the neck, too, quite unique, with its high black lace collar that meets the lace ruffle laid around the neck and falling over the shoulders. In the front, you see, this lace is brought all the way down to the edge of the cape in fancy ruffles, but in the back, now that she has passed, we see that it is only laid around once and that the collar and the ruffle are united by a fine jet ornamentation. The back of the wrap has also two wide bands of jet which stand out well on the bright scarlet.

Here comes a pretty blonde in turquoise blue and dark green. There you see the new green and blue combinations! There are a great many of them, and they strike you first as being rather queer; but after you've looked at them a while you begin to be reconciled, and to think that perhaps after all they may be pretty. But this girl hasn't any of these new shades; her gown is a pale turquoise, and is richly trimmed with a broad band of dark green velvet feathers. There is a good deal of the ribbon arrangement on the waist, very much after the summer style, and a wattle of blue trailing only slightly, and almost covered up by the broad edges of a dark green ribbon bow. Her hat is very tiny, all made up of forget-me-nots. Her costume isn't quite the thing for Broadway in the afternoon, but she seems oblivious of this, and saunters carelessly along, letting her train drag whitely over it will.

Another violet costume. What's the

matter? Has purple suddenly become the style without any one knowing it? Let's a redingote director, this one, all in velvet, and opens in the back over a bengaline of faint Nile green. We can catch a glimpse of a small ruffle at the bottom, caught with a fine roll of green crepe. The front, too, is the same delicate shade, and has a bodice that seems to be all crepe, continued at one side in a great gold buckle. The redingote has a short pelote, that stands very high at the shoulders, in consequence of the full velvet sleeves beneath. How the people do stare at her! No wonder she gets impatient at the little dog who refuses to keep pace with her quick, rather restless steps, and no wonder the color mounts to her cheek as she gives him a chain an angry pull. Who could be calm and unruffled, I should like to know, robed thus on a crowded thoroughfare! Even her hat is dark violet with pale green tips and gold ornaments.

All have come two br—ht-looking maidens. They're sisters, one can tell by looking at them; both dark, both warmly tinted. The one nearest us is the more attractive. She is robed in a fine-colored gown lightly dotted with dull pink, and touches of pink come out all over her. There's a dull pink ruffle on her skirt; there are great dull pink and stone-colored bows on her shoulders; there's a pointed bodice of dull pink and stone-striped ribbon, and her hat has one touch of pink

velvet a trifle brighter, set in a mass of stone color. In her hand she carries an immense bunch of pink roses. How fair and fresh she looks, don't you think so? Her sister serves as a good foil, with her dark olive dress, its dark shades shading off into black and her black hat.

And now, after looking at all these, can you tell me the style? It is a question that is just now puzzling a great many people, and people, too, that ought to know. One says it's Russian, another says it's empire, another freely acknowledges that she doesn't know. And this last, having thus sensibly made up her mind, proceeds to select from the numerous fads and fancies those things which shall best suit her particular person.

And that, my fair reader, is precisely what I should advise you to do. If you think the empire or one of its numerous modifications will be most becoming to you, you are perfectly safe in getting it. If you prefer a Russian blouse you will not be a bit old-fashioned in wearing that; and you may select almost any fantastic gown from any costume you see, and adapt it to another, so long as it is done gracefully and in good taste. It's a broad field, and an actual total of 10,000,000 of patterns, only us common sense in combining it.

THE "STANDARD."

Something About the Only Rotary Sewing Machine.

The wonderful strides made of late years in sewing machines is illustrated by the "Standard," the only rotary shuttle machine in the market today. The "Standard" rotary shuttle revolutionized the old systems, and the difference between this and the old style machine is as great as the difference between the buzz saw of today and the old fashioned up and down saw.

The Standard has all its improvements thoroughly protected by patents, which is the only reason the rotary shuttle is not used by other makers. It is an absolute fact that the Standard does 50 per cent more work in the same time as the old style machine. It makes 300 stitches in one minute, or 12,000 per hour, which, measuring 15 stitches to the inch, gains 25 yards in one hour, or an actual total of 10,000,000 of yards in one year. H. Gardner, the Standard agent, successor to Burton, Gardner & Co., has a full line, two doors west of the theatre, and carries the old style, Taber Crown and Queen organs, with a stock of fine pianos.

WHY HE WAS POLITE.

"I was coming west over the Wabash the other day, and had for fellow passengers a Missouri stock raiser, his wife, and a Boston exquisitely deeply enamored of his own shape," said O. N. Hapgood to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man.

The Missourian was a big, burly fellow with a shaggy head of gray hair, and the tail of forty summers on his face, but his wife was young and very pretty. The Boston irrepressible took a seat facing him and strove in various ways to attract his attention. The husband sought out to his capers, and bought a copy of an illustrated humorous paper which he handed him. This amused him for a time, but he soon resumed his occupation of staring at the lady.

"Then the husband sent him the morning paper. He read the baseball news through, read the news of the day, and resumed his old tactics. The Missourian then invited him into the smoker to enjoy a Key West with him. As they pulled the train wheels the excited curiosity cramped out. He was eager to know if he had mashed the entire family.

"I say," he began, "I can't see why you show me so much attention, don't you know. You must like me pretty well for a new acquaintance."

"Like you?" blurted out the Missourian. "You blanket-blanket tallow-faced daniel! I'd like to know if you've read the papers and cigars to amuse you but to unswear your neck for gawking at my wife!"

ELEPHANT ON TOAST.

The young man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into a restaurant on Woodward avenue, says the Detroit Free Press, and, like some other young men when the girls are around, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Waiter," he said, "bring me a broiled elephant."

"Yassin," returned the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And waiter, bring it on toast."

"Well," said the young man, "are you going to bring it?"

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—AND—

Surgical Institute.

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Established for the special treatment of all Nervous, Chronic and Private Diseases of either sex, both medical and surgical. Educated and experienced Specialty Physicians and Surgeons in charge.

We are prepared to treat all chronic diseases of male and female, and skillfully perform all surgical operations required for the relief and benefit of suffering humanity.

We are regular graduates of Europe and America, and have been endorsed by the various State Boards throughout the country, thus proving that our diplomas are recognized by all.

The following is a partial list of the diseases we treat and cure: Bronchitis, Throat and Lung Troubles, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Stomach Troubles, Kidney and Bladder Complaints, Nervous Diseases, (including Nervous Prostration and Neuritis), Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness, Convulsions, Fits, Paralysis, Spinal Troubles, Female Weakness, Protrusion or Falling of the Uterus, Ovarian Tumors, Cancer, Piles, Dropsy, Heart Troubles, Asthma, Scrofula, Lupus, Eczema, Ear Discharges and all Diseases arising from a poisonous or perverted condition of the blood and nervous system. Tape Worms radically removed.

Some of the surgical operations we are prepared to perform are: Varicose Veins, Club Foot, Crooked Spine, Crooked Limbs, Bow Legs, Wry Neck, Amputations, Circumcision, Stricture, Stone in the Bladder, Gall Stones, Fistula, Hemorrhoids, (this by a special operation, which makes a radical cure in either male or female). In fact we can perform any and all operations.

We invite all to call upon us and inquire into our methods of treatment. Remember we are here to stay, so that all patients submitting to our treatment have a guarantee that they will find us here continually to attend to them. Our property interests here show that we are not here for a few months, and our success so far proves that our patients are satisfied with our treatment and the benefits derived from the same.

To the sick and afflicted at a distance, we cannot call on us, write for symptom list, books and papers necessary, giving a proper description of your case. We will then be in a position to prescribe the proper remedies adapted to your condition and thus treat you at your own home.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS: The Utah Medical Dispensary and Surgical Institute, 46 1-2 West Second South Street, Central Block, SALT LAKE CITY, Box 2.

THIS IS THE SEA-SOON

to once more recognize the flight of time in the matter of dress, hasn't the advent of September suggested to you the propriety of calling in your Summer attire and donning one of our handsome and stylish fall suits.

Appearance counts for much and they depend very largely on the style and fit of one's clothing, no matter what you are. It doesn't cost much to have the outward semblance of a gentleman. Try one of our latest style fall suits, they are superb in material and finish, and as durable as they are handsome.

ONE PRICE HOUSE. J. P. GARDNER, 141 Main Street.

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Billiard and Pool Tables, Bar Fixtures, Bank and Office Furniture, and Billiard Merchandise in general. JOHN BRUNSWICK, Sole Agent. Office in Walker House with full line of billiard merchandise.

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—WHAT—

GREAT DOCTORS. SAY

—OF THE—

Keeley Cure

For Drunkenness

DR. ROMAIN J. CURTISS,

The Surgeon of the Illinois Steel Company, Surgeon in charge of St. Joseph's Hospital of Joliet, formerly Health Commissioner of that City, and formerly Professor of Pathology, Hygiene and Bacteriology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, writes as follows:

"I have studied carefully the cases which have been treated and cured by Dr. Keeley. I could give very accurate statistics as to details. Many of these were life-long drunkards. They were diseased, broken down, morally, physically and mentally. In three weeks they were transformed. The result was a surprise to all, and particularly a surprise to medical men. It was like seeing a worm spin a cocoon, and after a few days emerge an insect, with its many colored wings.

"I cannot avoid speaking of the outward and social appearance of these men, because the transformation from drunkenness and all around degradation to sobriety and manhood in so short a time is so very striking. My scientific curiosity was excited, and I have thoroughly examined the subject. I now know that Dr. Keeley's foundations for this treatment are built on the solid rock, and will stand as long as the primeval granite. There is no error in his theories. He regards inebriety as a disease. The special treatment is of course Dr. Keeley's own discovery. No man before him ever said or ever knew that the disease of alcoholism was a variation in type of nerve cells, caused by alcohol, and requiring to be kept up by alcohol, and thus producing what is known as the craving or appetite for drink. Keeley's cure is emancipating more and nobler slaves than Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. I regard Dr. Keeley's discovery as the crowning glory in human development of the nineteenth century."

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